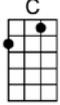
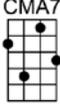
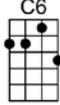
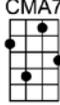
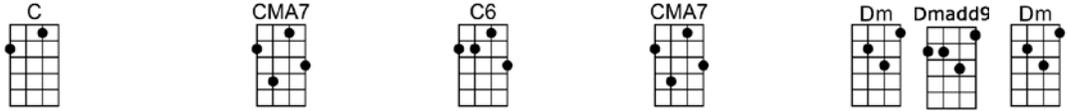


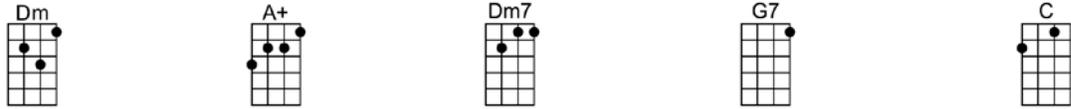


GENTLE ON MY MIND (BAR)-John Hartford

INTRO: |  |  |  |  | (X2)



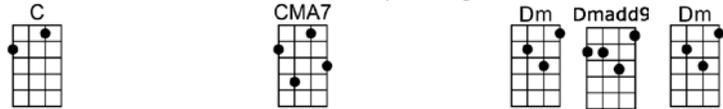
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is free to walk



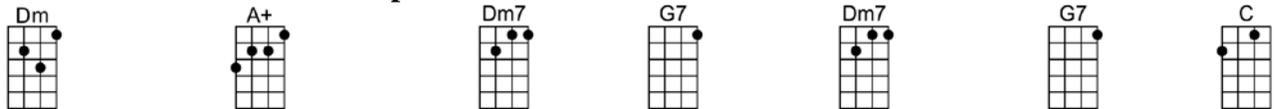
That makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch



And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds



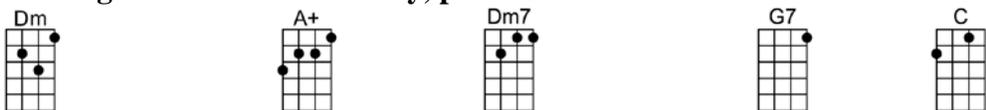
And the ink stains that are dried up on some line



That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory, that keeps you ever gentle on my mind



It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy, planted on their columns now that bind me



Or somethin' that some-body said, be-cause they thought we fit together walkin'.



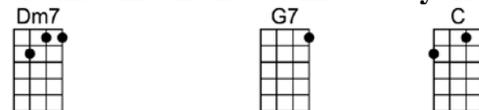
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursing or for-giving,



When I walk along some railroad track and find

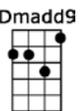
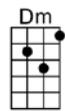
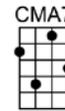
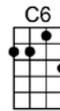
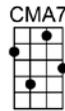
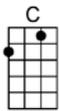


That you're movin' on the backroads by the rivers of my memory,

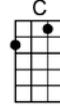
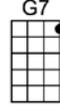
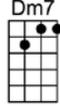
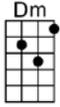


And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

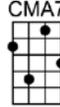
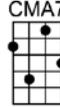
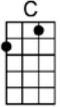
p.2. Gentle On My Mind



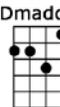
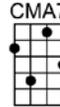
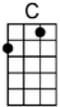
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the highways come be-tween us,



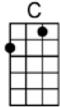
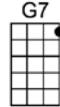
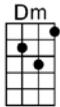
And some other woman's cryin' to her mother, 'cause she turned and I was gone.



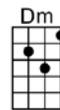
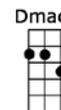
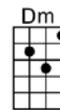
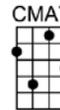
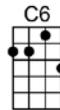
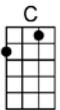
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face,



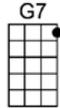
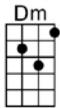
And the summer sun might burn me 'till I'm blind,



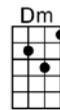
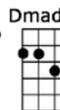
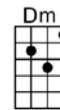
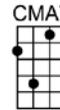
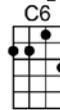
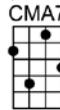
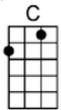
But not to where I cannot see you, walkin' on the backroads, by the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind



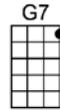
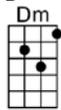
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard;



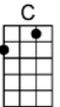
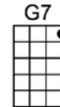
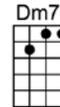
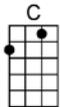
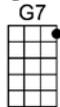
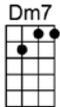
My beard, a roughenin' coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.



Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pre-tend I hold you to my breast and find



That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory,



Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind, (repeat last 2 lines and add): ever smilin'.. ever gentle.. on my mind.

GENTLE ON MY MIND-John Hartford

INTRO: | C | CMA7 | C6 | CMA7 | (X2)

C CMA7 C6 CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is free to walk
Dm A+ Dm7 G7 C
That makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch
C CMA7 C6 CMA7
And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds
C CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
And the ink stains that are dried up on some line
Dm A+ Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory, that keeps you ever gentle on my mind

C CMA7 C6 CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy, planted on their columns now that bind me
Dm A+ Dm7 G7 C
Or somethin' that some-body said, be-cause they thought we fit together walkin'.
C CMA7 C6 CMA7
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursing or for-giving,
C CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
When I walk along some railroad track and find
Dm A+ Dm7 G7
That you're movin' on the backroads by the rivers of my memory,
Dm7 G7 C
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

C CMA7 C6 CMA7 Dm
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the highways come be-tween us,
Dm A+ Dm7 G7 C
And some other woman's cryin' to her mother, 'cause she turned and I was gone.
C CMA7 C6 CMA7
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face,
C CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
And the summer sun might burn me 'till I'm blind,
Dm A+ Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C
But not to where I cannot see you, walkin' on the backroads, by the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

C CMA7 C6 CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard;
Dm A+ Dm7 G7 C
My beard, a roughenin' coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.
C CMA7 C6 CMA7 Dm Dm(add9) Dm
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pre-tend I hold you to my breast and find
Dm A+ Dm7 G7
That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory,
Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7 C
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind, (repeat last 2 lines and add): ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.